

Beyond the Square

By Carol Campbell

News of the World

Last week the eyes of the world were on two meetings carried on by four international leaders. One was:

The Bermuda Conference — beginning last Wednesday **President Eisenhower** met with **Prime Minister Harold Macmillan** of England in an attempt to mend the rift between the United States and Mr. Macmillan's homeland caused by the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt. The principle questions under discussion were the Middle East, the United Nations, N.A.T.O. and Communist China.

The results of this meeting which have been released so far goes as follows: the U. S. will alter its policy towards the Baghdad Pact and has agreed to participate in the organizations military planning against Communist attack. The reason we had not backed this Pact before was that the nationalistic Arab countries are bitterly opposed to it as an "imperialistic" venture.

The next result of the meeting was an announcement that the U. S. and Britain expect Egypt to comply with the "spirit as well as the letter" of U. N. resolutions dealing with the Middle East.

Unsatisfied with the uncompromising attitude taken by Egypt in the talks between Hammarskjold and Nasser (see further on), the Bermuda talks also centered on economic pressures that could be brought to bear against Egypt. The United States agreed to supply Britain with guided missiles and to restrict methods of testing nuclear weapons in order to reduce dangers of radiation to the people of the world.

Perhaps the most telling and important agreement of the meeting was one that was not included in the official communique for fear of offending the other allies of the United States. This is the intention to re-establish the old wartime cooperation between the United States and Britain and establish joint intelligence and planning systems.

All of which is an evident attempt between the two countries to avoid any further misunderstandings and to strengthen our defense of the Western World. As Mr. Macmillan put it, it is absolutely essential "to build up the strong tradition of Anglo-American friendship upon which the whole life and future of the free world depends."

* * *

The other meeting that took place simultaneously with the Bermuda Conference, but which looks as if it will bring forth no agreement are the talks in Cairo. Last Friday **U. N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold** began talks with **Colonel Nasser** in Cairo for the purpose of obtaining Nasser's assurances that Egypt will allow the U. N. E. F. to continue occupation of all parts of Gaza with general responsibility for security.

Since Nasser's army is in a weakened condition from the Anglo-French invasion, Nasser is not against the U. N. remaining in Gaza as a protection from the Israeli troops, but he won't sign any agreement. This, you see, would be admitting weakness and affront national pride.

Egypt has claimed that since there has been no final peace settlement in the Palestine War, she is entitled to blockade Israel as a right of belligerency, but so far two ships doing business with Israel have successfully passed through the Gulf of Aqaba.

As for the Suez control question, Egypt's maintaining a technical state of war with Israel brings a complete refusal on Israeli shipping. Meanwhile the **Edgar Bonnet** was at last lifted from the bottom of the Canal by the clearance commission headed by **General Wheeler**. The Canal is now cleared for ships weighing up to 20,000 tons to pass through.

Although **Colonel Nasser** has made a few slight concessions, there is no indication he will abandon his position about the control of the Canal or the final control of the Gulf of

Composed In Class

By Anne Catlette

A Cigarette

One white paper
Brown, nubby stuffing
Trademark writing
Two fingers; some dark corner.
A pack of matches
Bright flame
A glow in the dark—
"Romance."

Glasses

Marvin Hopplegaggly goes to city library.
He's smart and wears big glasses.
He reads a lot.

Marvin Hopplegaggly reads books on baseball.
He can't play 'cause of his glasses.
He reads a lot.

Marvin Hopplegaggly went to the hospital.
He was unhappy 'cause of his glasses.
He was sick.

Marvin Hopplegaggly didn't come to the library.
We don't see him or his big glasses.
He died yesterday.

Beauty?

Voltaire asks, "What is beauty?"
To a toad, it's puffing belly,
A burping, croaking voice.

Mamma says an old phrase.
Beauty is as beauty does.
Grandma said that long ago.

I was asked what is beauty.
"Two pieces of bread and peanut butter."
Food to me is all that's pretty.

Five

Poppa and Momma went for a ride one day.
Momma said this way, Poppa, the other.
I just said notin'—
We got lost.

Poppa and Momma like to play golf a lot.
Momma can't play well, Poppa can't neither.
I just stood there—
They played terrible.
Poppa and Momma are rich and don't work.
Momma likes to sleep, Poppa smokes.
I just sit around—
We're all lazy.

Poppa and Momma are nice-looking.
Momma's pretty, Poppa has grey hair.
I just look little—
I'm only five.

Dots & Checks

Dots together make up lines.
Checks on paper make us broke.
Dots over drinks make us drunk.
Checks on homework make us proud.
Dots on faces make us freckled.
Dots and checks make up eyes.
I like eyes.

Calamity

Six weeks' English test
A crowded classroom
Pen and paper
Stern professor
Test begins—
No ink!

The Salemite



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Beyond . . .

Aqaba and Gaza. This leaves a huge reservoir of potentialities for future trouble in the Mideast.

Last Monday **President Ramon Magsaysay** of the Philippines finished a trip to Cebu, second largest Philippine city, where he had munists and neutralists, and board-made a speech assailing Comed a plane for Manila. Minutes later his plane crashed into Mount Balgo and Mr. Magsaysay and 25 others were killed.

Under his administration this beloved leader had led his country from the brink of collapse, battled Communist infiltration and governmental graft and initiated a "New Deal" era of social welfare and land reform. On Friday the former President was laid to rest in a tomb bearing the simple inscription, "Ramon Magsaysay, leader of the Philippines." He was one of this country's greatest friends.

On Friday came the following extract from the latest report of the **American Cancer Society**: "Lung cancer occurs much more frequently (five to fifteen times) among cigarette smokers than among nonsmokers, and there is a direct relationship between the incidence of lung cancer and the amount smoked." The Study Group concludes that the smoking of tobacco, particularly in the form of cigarettes, is an important health hazard." Since this is not a con-

clusive report, the Group is urging further research in this area.

People and Things

I really think an interest in **Art** is an absolute must. Just a few blocks from Salem is one of the few galleries of contemporary art on the Eastern seaboard. Along these lines is a new book reviewed in the **New York Times Book Section** called **Masters in Profile** by Janet Flanner.

As an example of the author's purpose to answer problems in the appreciation of contemporary art is a quotation from an interview with Picasso. "The fact that for a long time cubism has not been understood, and that even today (1923) there are people who cannot see anything in it, means nothing. I do not read English—an English book is a blank book to me. This does not mean that the English language does not exist, and why should I blame anybody but myself if I cannot understand what I know nothing about?"

Through the maze of bobby-pinned heads, smoke and coke bottles, I watched the spectacle presented by the **Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences** and noted the following awards: **Best Movie**—"Around the World in 80 Days," **Best Actress**—Ingrid Bergman in "Anastasia," **Best Actor**—Yul Bry-

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The Toss . . .

I am the old Salemite.

I have been handled with careless hands, cautious hands, reverent hands. I have been fondled by the editor and defended by the staff. I have been cursed and sworn by.

On occasion I have been six pages thick. At other times I have been without any significant content.

I feel I have been read. I was delivered fairly faithfully. When I wasn't, somebody complained.

So I must have been missed.

Last spring, when I was a baby, my guardians were nervous. Sometimes, in a panic, they stuffed me with irrelevant copy.

Once I had only one picture and that was a re-print.

But they couldn't always afford to dress me in style. Things cost so much these days.

In my adolescence I was quite an egotistical brat and thought I could push people around. Then I heard about persuasion and subtlety.

And now my life is pretty nearly over. I'm sorry, too. It seems we just grow up to one idea and then the wheel turns and we're out of date.

But I won't mourn my own death. I have a lot of faith in the idea of "me." I think I had great possibilities which were not entirely kept concealed.

Don't let anybody tell you that I'll be living next week.

I'll be gone. The new Salemite will have a whole new set of guardians.

But the potential is in the idea of a new paper and in the will of her keepers.

—Jo Smitherman

And The Rebound . . .

I am the new Salemite.

Next week I will appear for the first time.

At night, I lie awake thinking of all the things I will be. I'll be the greatest thing that has ever happened to Salem. I'll set the campus on fire; I'll make people think; I'll make people act; I'll bring about every needed reform; I'll cause people to be interested in world affairs.

When I wake up in the morning, I tingle with excitement as I think of myself with two pictures and a cartoon in every issue, with six pages of interesting content at least twice a month, and with enough ads to pay for every printing.

I am full of ideas. Everything I see suggests a feature or an editorial. Some of the ideas I write down—the others I forget.

I hope I will be read.

Sometimes, I wander down to my old father's home, and I see how he runs things. It's then that I realize I'm just an untried baby. In my father's house, I find an ease, perfection, an art that I do not have.

I become a terrified child then, and I run back to my home where I share my fears with all of the other unseen babes who will also be born next week.

Slowly I forget my complexes. I go to bed and the dreams come back again.

I know that the world has never seen me. Next week I hope that the world will find me to their liking.

I think it will like me because I want to be good and because I believe that I can be good.

—Martha Jarvis